Iron County Register

BY ELI D. AKE.

IRONTON. - - - MISSOURI.

FAT IN COLD WEATHER.

Necessity of the Energy and Warmth It Furnishes.

While clothing presrves our internal heat, we look for food to produce it. Fat, flour and sugar are the cheapest and best heat producers, and should, therefore, form a large part of our winter fare. One instinctively turns to fat in frosty weather; but professedly few people recognize its true value as an article of diet during winter. It is not only an economical diet, but it is specially indicated in the case of persons not in robust health, who will be less able to resist the depressing effects of cold and all its risks in proportion to the amount of fat they intermix with their blood. Fat contains on an average of 50 per cent. of carbon, and, while it thus readily affords heat to the system, yet, in itself, it exerts an important influence over the digestion of other articles of diet. It is for this reason that a teaspoonful of cod-liver oil, taken in the middle or immediately after a meal, acts as an admirable aid to digestion in certain forms of dyspepsia. Fat, of course, must not be rushed at and eaten in quantity without proper dilution; thus we instinctively combine certain articles of diet so as to obtain a due admixture of fat. We mix fat meat with a large quantity of potatoes, liver with bacon, cabbage with bacon, veal with bacon, and pork with boiled haricot beans or peas. The last dish reminds us of the cold day on which Princess Elizabeth was liberated from the tower; she went first of all to the Church of All Hallows to offer her devotions, and then proceeded to a neighboring tavern, the King's Head, in Fenchurch street, where she dined off peas and pork.

Looking at the energy and warmth that fat can supply, it has often struck us the soup distributed at winter soup-kitchens might, with advantage, contain more of that important element. The quantity of peas in such soup is out of proportion to the fat.

As a matter of fact, all fats are alike from a dietetic point of view, and little of this food principle is wasted in the body; nay, it is more perfectly absorbed and turned to a more practical use than the lean of meat. It only becomes a question of the comparative digestibility of the various fats, and this in proportion to the temperature at which they become liquefied. Wax could be digested if the heat of the stomach had power to reduce it to a liquid condition. The lower melting point of butter gives it an immense advantage as an article of cold-weather diet, and its liberal use in winter is strongly recommended to both the invalid and the robust. Margarine is really a very good substitute for butter, and we eat it in pastry and at public dinners and clubs oftener than we reckon upon. It is prepared from mutton or beef fat only. An ox contains about 56 pounds of suet and a sheep about eight pounds. The suet is melted at a low heat, clarified, and run into vats, where, on cooling, it assumes a pastry consistence. Then small quantities of this fat are wrapped in clean white cloths and subjected to a pressure of 100 tons. This process separates out the stearin or tallow, and leaves a perfectly wholesome fat and good substitute for butter.—N. Y. Ledger.

CRANKY GUESTS.

Experience of Hotel Clerks in Dealing with Some of Them.

"I cannot sleep in that room," said a guest at a hotel in this city the other evening, as he walked to the desk in the office and threw the key upon it.

"What is the matter with it?" asked the clerk.

"There is nothing the matter with it, except that the bed is in the wrong place," the guest replied. "For more than 20 years I have slept in a bed with the head toward the north, and it has become such a habit with me that it would be actually impossible for me to sleep with the head in any other direction."

"It will be impossible for me to give you a room containing a bed with the head in any other direction," said the clerk. "The hotel is well filled to-night, and I have only two vacant rooms, but I will have the bed turned for you." Calling a porter the clerk instructed him to turn the bed in the gentleman's room so that the head would be to the north. The guest followed the porter upstairs, and as nothing further was heard from him, it is presumed that he retired and slept peacefully.

"There is no accounting for tastes," said the clerk, turning to the reporter, "and the funny experiences we have in the hotel business would fill a volume. Before the night is over we may have calls for beds with their heads turned to every point of the compass, and, of course, we are obliged to accommodate every one."

"I remember an instance like this several years ago. A man slightly inebriated came into the hotel one night, and, producing a pocket compass, said that he wished a room where the head of the bed should be placed to the northeast. We sent two boys with him, and they turned the bed as requested. The joke was that the compass was furnished with a little stop, which held the indicator in a certain position. It so happened that the gentleman's bed, which had been carefully placed northeast according to the compass, was in reality placed with the head to the south. The man discovered his mistake next morning, and was cured of the fad."—Philadelphia Bulletin.

The Little One Would Do.

A gentleman of this city, wishing to take his family into the country for the summer, looked at a small farm with a view to renting it. Everything was very much to his mind, and the negotiation was nearly completed, when the question of hiring the farmer's cow came up. She was an excellent cow, the farmer said, and even after feeding her calf would give five quarts of milk a day. "Five quarts a day!" said the city man; "that is more than our whole family could use." Then, noticing the calf following the mother about the pasture, he added: "I tell you what, I will hire the small cow. I think she's just about our size."—Louisville Commercial.

—Some moths have no mouths. The insect, after attaining a perfect stage, lives only a few hours and does not take food.

CHAPTER VII.—CONTINUED.

"What chance, sir, do you think I would have with the weeklies?"

"Their name is legion, but with the exception of three or four you would be either requested to write for starvation wages or be engaged at a high salary and never paid. You might, if you were lucky, get nine dollars a week, and a bricklayer's wages are four dollars a day."

"The picture you draw is not encouraging."

"Nor do I mean it to be. Fly from this over-populated city, to which every young adventurous breadwinner from every country on the earth makes his way, till the streets are teeming with the unemployed—but, say, have you an imagination? Can you paint word-pictures? The story papers do pay well, but you must have served your apprenticeship before you will be admitted into their columns. So that chance is barred."

"And you know of nothing?"

"Why, yes," said Mr. Bailey, reflectively, "there's an old friend of mine, who used to be a colleague in this office, who told me the other day that he wanted help. He's been badly bitten by socialism, and he runs a sheet which he seriously thinks is to redeem the world, though I never saw it, nor do I know anything about his pecuniary responsibility. Men with whims rarely amount to much, and I guess he's sunk all he had accumulated in this venture."

"Would you mind giving me his address?"

"With pleasure. Here, let me write you a line of introduction. It is a pity you cannot make up your mind to follow a respectable line of occupation, but if you are determined to go wrong, you may as well meet your fate at once."

Bidding adieu to his new friend, who he afterwards learned was fastidiously touchy on anyone else presuming to slight the profession of journalism, Grey hurried to the address he had received.

The building which housed, with twenty other crafts, the Labor Times, was not prepossessing in its exterior. However, after mounting three flights of stairs—for then there was not as now an elevator in every office building in Chicago—he came to a door brilliantly illuminated with colored placards. There was a grand pictorial representation of Labor as a knight in armor, mounted on a superb charger, pinning to the earth with a huge spear the fiery dragon of Capital, and half a dozen other florid denunciations of equal significance.

Grey modestly tapped at the door, then entered.

The walls of the office were profusely adorned with flaring posters, while its furniture consisted of three common windsor chairs and large pine table abundantly littered with papers, behind which sat a tall, gaunt old man with gray hair falling over his shoulders.

"Col. Gilchrist, I presume?" Grey inquired.

"At your service," the gentleman bowed with old-time politeness.

"I bear you this letter of introduction."

"Ah, I see, from my old friend Bailey. Well, young man, what can I do for you?" This with a new air of patronage in his tones.

"I am seeking literary work. Your journal is likely to enlist my sympathies, and I have called to see if there is, as Mr. Bailey suggested, a vacancy on your staff."

"You have means?"

"Well, yes, enough to keep me for a month or two."

"That is good—no experience, eh?"

"Exactly."

"Well, as it happens, I do need help. Of course you are aware that the privilege of working upon a journal of such

"COL. GILCHRIST, I PRESUME?"

influence as the Labor Times carries with it a weight in considering the amount of salary."

"Well, yes; I do not expect much to start on."

"I am offering, under such circumstances, but twenty-five dollars."

"A week, sir?"

"A week! No, a month!" roared the old man, aghast at the extravagant ideas of his visitor.

"But that will not pay my board bill. Chicago is a dear place to live in, and I am now giving eight dollars a week for the use of a room which has the only advantage that you can lie in bed and reach everything in it, together with badly cooked meals and wretched service."

"So you decline?"

"No. I accept, as the experience may be valuable to me."

So Grey was installed in the other dilapidated chair as a full-blown editor, enjoying the distinguished privilege of "molding the opinions of millions of readers," as his employer graphically put it.

Now it chanced that at noon the proprietor of the Labor Times announced his intentions of strolling over to a restaurant for a lunch—a free lunch, one of the blessings to the bibulous, for which Chicago is remarkable—and Grey found himself in full charge of the establishment.

"None will call at this hour," the great man observed; "so you might be looking over our file and get on to the hang of our line of action."

But hardly was his back turned when a visitor appeared—a frank, well-dressed, good-looking young man of pleasing exterior.

"The editor of the Labor Times?" he asked.

"Well, one of them," Grey smiled.

"Then, sir, I've brought an article I've written. Of course, I've only had a common-school education, and it isn't up to much as a literary production, but I think it's got some ideas in it, and you might be inclined to publish it."

"The subject?"

"Well, it is just a workingman's notions on capital and labor—a little out of the common for a mechanic in these troublesome times, for I take it that while trades unions are fine things in their way, there's such a thing as overdoing the laboringman's protection and crippling enterprise."

"Are you a mechanic?" Grey asked, wonderingly.

"Shipwright," was the abrupt answer; "in the employ of Moore & Marston, down at the dry docks. George Harland's my name. And, oh, before I forget it, I want to put an ad. into the Times of a furnished room I've got to let to some quiet man of steady habits."

Grey started.

"A furnished room, you say? What rent do you ask for it?"

"Five dollars a month with stove and gas."

"Would it suit me?"

"Why, no, I don't think it would. You see, sir, it's not in one of the avenues, but right out in A Hundred and Fiftieth street—not that the neighborhood isn't respectable or the cottages kind of pretty—but I guess it's not quite up to your requirements."

Nevertheless Grey took down the address and the very next day was in possession of the vacant chamber. But meanwhile a startling event was to happen, which was to turn the current of his plans by one instant sweep of the hand of misfortune.

It was towards four o'clock in the afternoon that the two editors were conversing pleasantly, for the senior was a man of ripe experience and great natural power of observation, and was becoming more genial towards his well-mannered subordinate—or perhaps the Real Old Kentuck he had imbibed at his free lunch had warmed his heart—when, without a knock, the door opened and a squarely-built, broad-shouldered man, showily dressed, whose heavy gold watchchain and rings were in painful contrast to his low-bred face and black finger nails, entered.

"My new associate editor, Mr. Grey," said the colonel, calling his visitor's attention to his amused assistant.

"The gentleman's name?" Grey asked, as he shook hands.

"Ah, this is Herr Schlossinger—the great Schlossinger, you know."

"But, forgive my ignorance, I—"

"What, you don't know Schlossinger! Not know Schlossinger, the socialist! Not know the leading spirit in the great labor movement of the city of Chicago! Not know the fiery orator, before whose burning denunciations tyrants tremble and kings shake in their thrones! Not know—"

But the colonel's eloquence was interrupted by the Chicago Demosthenes, who turned rudely to Grey and said, without the faintest sign of German accent, but in the strong western vernacular: "See here, young feller, I'm tickled to death that the ole cuss hes had the sense ter put young blood on his one-hoss paper; for it's milder now nor ef it was run by a woman's sewin'-circle; a chile might put more go into it. See?"

Grey nodded.

"Now, I shan't bother my head about Gilchrist any longer. You look as if yer could swing a pen, an' I shall give the straight tip ter you every time, an' ef you know beans when the bag's open you'll follow my orders, jest es I give 'em to yer."

"Does the paper belong to you?" Grey asked, aghast at the possibility.

"Not by a long shot! but for all that I guess I'm the heart an' the liver an' the lungs an' the backbone of it. See?"

"I presume," asked Grey, coolly, "you're what they call a professional agitator?"

"You've hit it, stranger."

"And," continued Grey, with aggravating nonchalance, "you belong to a class of men for whose occupation I confess I have nothing but contempt."

Schlossinger blazed forth in a torrent of oaths, while the poor colonel rose in bewildered deprecation.

"To a class of men," Grey went on, as soon as he could get a hearing, "who have no interest in the reform of social abuses, who prey upon the workingman, and wax fat upon his hard-earned wages."

"Do you hear him?" yelled Schlossinger, advancing. "Leave this office, you hound, you dog!"

"I am not a tyrant, and I am not a king, Mr. Schlossinger," Grey said, with exasperating coolness, "except so far as every American citizen is a sovereign, and that is why I do not quake at your approach—nay, perhaps why, if you come one step nearer, I shall soil my hands by knocking you down."

Almost suiting the action to the word, he sprang upon the communist. "Down on your knees and beg my pardon, or I will thrash you within an inch of your life," he cried, like one stung to sudden frenzy.

"Gilchrist! quick! police!" gasped the fallen agitator, who, notwithstanding his muscular build, never moved a finger to defend himself.

Grey flung him scornfully aside.

"Pshaw! I have done with you; you are not worth chastisement; but never dare to set foot in this office while I am here."

By now, however, the colonel's scattered senses had recovered their equilibrium.

"I, sir, am master here," he cried. "Herr Schlossinger, I humbly apologize for this man's insolence—and I ignominiously discharge him on the spot!"

"Don't give me any o' yer taffy," the agitator growled, turning his venom on one he dared insult. "I'll pay yer back for this, yer see ef I don't—I'll ruin yer sure es my name's Hermann Schlossinger!"

"My dear, dear friend," the colonel deprecated, "how could I help it? Don't visit on me the sins of another. Don't—"

But Frank Grey stopped the old man's abject apologies.

"Col. Gilchrist," he said, not without a touch of kindness in his tone, "don't degrade yourself by wasting words on such a hound. It is painful to see a man of your education and antecedents subjected to the dictates of a loutish brute like this king quaker; but if you must continue your connection with him, do let me entreat you, adopt another method in dealing with him. When he is insolent, kick him—kick him hard—it will do him good and you no harm—for though you are an old broken man, he will not dare to retaliate, and I am sure he has too sincere an antipathy to a police court to make you legally responsible for his whipping."

With this parting shot, Grey left the Labor Times to reconstruct the world without his valuable assistance. But this meant no work—and no work in Chicago means more than in any other city in the world—means that if a man falls down in the rank on the march none have time to stop in the rush and roar of that phenomenal Babylon to pick him up.

Another trouble awaited him, on reaching his boarding place: Stewart, his newly-made friend, had received his remittance, and, all elate, was only delaying his departure to wish him good-by.

"Good-by, old fellow; I shall never forget your kindness."

"Good luck go with you," was Grey's warm rejoinder.

"Remember my address in London. There's no knowing in the whirligig of time when we may meet again."

The regret Grey felt at the loss of this young man he had known so short a time puzzled him.

"Surely," he communed with himself when he was left alone, "there is some force of electro-biology which draws souls together—some subtle attraction which controls congenial spirits, which we shall all understand some day in God's good time. I feel it in my bones that Stewart and I will meet again."

Yes, they would meet again.

CHAPTER VIII

REVENGE IS SWEET.

For six weeks things went on from bad to worse at the Whitford house—for, though Dodd no longer annoyed Elsie with his loathsome attentions, it was apparent that his hold on the old people was daily becoming stronger, and she felt that it was only a question of time when the renewal of the trouble would come to every waking hour was full of anticipated misery. Thus the weary days dragged on.

As the spring advanced into summer, which it does with a rush in this region, the unhappy girl's only recreation was to indulge, as Grey had done, in long, solitary, moody walks, not altogether wholesome for one so young and naturally cheerful.

On such a ramble, one Saturday afternoon, she had sought the retirement of a pleasant valley, in the midst of which was an abandoned mine, whose treacherous shafts were dangerous to strangers, but to her possessed no peril.

Tired—ah, she soon got tired now—she sat down on a big bowlder behind a projecting rock—a favorite, lonesome

HE DREW NEAR TO DODD.

spot, where she could enjoy the sweet bitterness of utter solitude.

Suddenly her meditations were broken. Footsteps approached, and, to her discomfiture, the solid form of the Hopkinsite stood close beside her, ignorant that behind that big rock in the cavern-like recess the girl was trembling at his approach, hardly daring to breath for fear of betraying her presence.

Then came a tall, slouching figure—a shambling wretch, with villainy written on every line of his bloated face.

He drew near to Dodd, who evidently expected him, and spoke in a gruff, insolent manner.

"It is all over," he said, in sullen humor. "For God's sake give me bills an' let me go."

"He believed your story?" Dodd asked, eagerly. "You must have told it well."

"Swallowed the hull passel o' lies like a blamed sucker," was the satisfactory response.

"How did you manage to get speech with him?" Dodd asked, much interested.

"Tried the hard-up racket—wife an' seven children, no work, family in Duluth, awful anxious to get a job, but I fetched him most on a story of my sick boy, whom I loved so much and couldn't get money to buy doctor's stuff with. Blamed if he didn't give me a night's lodgin', an' then I come the gratitude dodge on him. Told him I'd worked with a gang in the Old Mine, an' I knowed as that New York company left off just as they was strikin' it rich, an' then I out with the chart an' showed him the very spot where I seed the mouth o' the pocket.".

"And he believed you?"

"I should say so. It 'ud make a sick mule smile to see him suck it all in."

"And then?"

"Then said he'd make it all right if he found the pocket, an' he's gone now, poor devil, to look for it."

"Your preparations in the mine were all properly made?"

"You bet; I sawed half through seven stavesso' that last ladder an' if he hasn't got wings, he's lyin' this minit seventy-five feet below the third gallery."

"You saw him enter?"

"Not an hour ago. He might stay awhile nosing around the gallery, but it's odds he made a bee line for the big strike."

"Good, indeed. Well, here's your money."

"An' I've arn'd it too, mister; blest if I wasn't throwin' the hull business up onces; for, you see, he'd a woman he called Millie as was a sweet-spoken lass, an' a little kid as jus' worshiped him. I wa'n't allus sich a brute as I am now an' those two kin' o' touched a soft spot in me somehow."

"Pshaw! man, go and get some strong drink and don't forget you can't afford to indulge in sentiments if you continue to deal with me."

"All right, boss. I'll light out o' these diggin's, and if you know what's good for your health you'll make tracks, too, before long, for this job means murder, jist nothin' else."

Dodd watched the departing figure of his accomplice till it was lost in the pine forest, then muttering, savagely: "Blow for blow, an eye for an eye—ah, that's good Bible teaching, Master Wilders," he slowly took his way back towards Oretown.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

THE REVENUE BILL.

A Measure That Is Full of False Pretenses.

The more the measure is examined the greater becomes the doubt whether the Dingley tariff bill is a revenue bill or not. There has never been any doubt that the assertion that it was intended to get rid of the deficit in the treasury was distinctly a false pretense. There is no deficit in the treasury, but on the contrary a surplus of more than $100,000,000. How it got there is immaterial to this inquiry, though it has frequently been explained in these columns. It is sufficient that it is there, and that it is likely to increase rather than diminish.

But there are other reasons why the Dingley bill is not properly a revenue bill. It was avowedly framed to increase the protection on competitive articles. Besides, it increases every existing tax except that on the best revenue commodity imported, namely, sugar. Senator Jones, of Nevada, objected to it because there was no increase in the duty on sugar. In doing this, he was not looking to revenue, but was solicitous to give further protection to beet sugar mills. Nevertheless, sugar gives a large amount of revenue to a small per cent. of protection, and this is one reason why the republicans wish to let it alone. The chief reason, however, is because they dare not offend the sugar trust, but are also afraid to grant it any additional favors. Being between the people on one side and the trust on the other, they prefer to let sugar alone.

It was pretended when the Dingley bill was first introduced that it would afford $40,000,000 additional revenue. The more the bill is studied the less probable this proposition appears. It is based in part on the theory that the imports of wool will be as great when it is taxed as when it is free. The same mistake is made as to woolens, which are not now free, but upon which 60 per cent. of the McKinley rates are to be imposed in addition to the rates of the Wilson bill. Both these contentions are absurd. On all other taxed commodities the Dingley bill proposes to increase the tax 15 per cent., and it is an open question whether this will not check importations to such an extent as to reduce rather than raise the revenue. The conclusion of several experts who have made estimates is to the effect that the increase in revenue will not amount to half, or perhaps not a quarter, of $40,000,000.

There are other articles which could easily be made to yield considerable revenue without causing the consumer to pay any tribute to home producers. There is tea, for example, many of the dealers in which desire to see it taxed 10 or 15 cents a pound. Prior to 1870 it was taxed 25 cents a pound. In that year the tax was reduced to 15 cents. In 1872 it was put on the free list, and has remained there ever since. In 1895 we imported upward of 97,000,000 pounds, which, at 10 cents a pound, would have yielded $9,700,000 in revenue; at 15 cents, $14,550,000. This is on the supposition that the tax would not decrease imports.

As a rule, a tariff tax will reduce the volume of imports, but the tea dealers say that a tax of 10 or 15 cents on tea would not have that effect. The reason they assign for desiring a tax is that it would exclude the low-grade and spurious teas. The average import price of tea has decreased from 37.7 cents per pound in 1873, the year after the tax was removed, to 14.6 cents in the fiscal year 1895. Consumers, however, have been accustomed to paying 50 to 60 cents a pound for good tea, and think that when less is asked the article is not good. Hence has grown up the practice of giving crockery with tea, which the dealers say demoralizes the trade.

This may be true, but it is best not to put too much stress on the fine-spun theories of interested parties. The fact remains that tea is an article on which $10,000,000 or $15,000,000 of revenue may be raised without increasing the burden of consumers seriously, if at all. If the senate wishes to raise revenue, it can amend the house bill by taxing a commodity concerning whose revenue-raising properties there is no doubt at all. It is a pretty safe guess, however, that this will not be done, because it would not turn any revenue into the pockets of individuals, which is the peculiar characteristic of a tariff for protection.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

OPINIONS AND POINTERS.

——It is growing plainer every day that the McKinley element in congress is going to make it very hard sledding for Thomas B. Reed, without regard to what the result may be to the country.—Detroit Free Press.

——It is now ex-Gov. McKinley, of Ohio. Mr. McKinley has put in the last two years legging for the presidency, and the results of his second administration cannot be summed up until the last ballot has been taken at St. Louis.—Kansas City Star.

——Speaker Reed desires that house appropriations be cut to the bone in the interest of economy. Objector Holman never cut deeper than the bone, yet he was reviled as a cheese-parer and reminded that this was a billion dollar country. The country hasn't shrunken any since that valuation, but a presidential election is coming on, and if Mr. Reed shall have his way the coming contest will be money in the country's pocket.—Philadelphia Record.

——The unfathomable piety of the republican party has always been the first article of its faith. It is taught from the pulpit by clergymen in its ranks, but it is chiefly insisted on by thugs, scoundrels and thieves, who claim that their acts are holy, because done in what they assume to be a holy cause. Very early in its history the republican party voted to take the Almighty into partnership with them, subject, however, to the condition that they were to have all the offices and all the honor.—Louisville Courier-Journal.

——To obtain possession of the committees and petty offices of the senate the republicans affected a coalition with the half dozen populists, and the result is an infamous free coinage bill, which has been prepared and agreed to by the free silver majority of the finance committee, all of whom were appointed by the republicans. A viler bargain and a more natural sequence of such a bargain have seldom if ever been in evidence, but fortunately for the country the bargain and its consequences will fail of the disastrous or ruinous effects their authors intended they should have. No such bill can become law as long as Mr. Cleveland remains president.—Pittsburgh Post.

TOPSY-TURVY LOGIC.

Artful Sophistry of the Protection Arguyfer.

Says a philosopher after the order of McKinley: "Ancient Tyre, Athens, Rome, Damascus and other great seats of ancient science and art became such because they supplied other nations with their products."

Without pausing to inquire as to the historical accuracy of the assumption that the cities named "supplied other nations with their products" to any great extent, one's attention is irresistibly drawn to the philosophical theorem that they became great seats of science and art because they supplied other nations with their products.

One can readily understand how a commercial people, trading extensively with other people, acquire more knowledge of men and things, and so acquire more materials of science, if not of art, than isolated people holding little or no communication with others. But how the mere sending abroad of their products to supply the wants of others can advance a people in either science or art passes understanding utterly.

The context of the theorem quoted shows that when its author used the word "products" he had in mind chiefly manufactured products, or products of mechanical or artistic skill, rather than the crude products of comparatively unskilled labor. But that does not make the general proposition any more true. The mere supplying of foreigners with our products, whether crude or highly wrought, cannot make us great in science and art.

The context serves only to show how the confusion of thought arises or to expose an artful sophism intended to produce confusion of thought in careless minds. First attention is drawn to the almost self-evident fact that the products of skill in the world's history have been supplied mostly by nations advanced in science and art. Then the inference is artfully suggested that the supplying of such products has caused the advancement.

When the proposition is thus stated it becomes apparent at once that advancement is not a consequence of supplying products of skill, but that the supplying of such products is a consequence of advancement in the arts and sciences. A people must have the knowledge, art and skill before they can turn out highly wrought and artistic products for export. The export of such product is an evidence and a consequence, not a cause, of greatness in science and art.

The McKinley philosopher might as truthfully have said that the sun become the great source and center of light and heat in our system by supplying the earth and other planets with those forces or modes of motion. It is characteristic of the protectionist to transpose everything, putting antecedent for consequent and consequent for antecedent, cause for effect and effect for cause. The great system of plunder under the shelter and with the aid of law does not admit of defense by honest and straightforward reasoning.—Chicago Chronicle.

WHEREFOR ART THOU, REED?

What Has Become of the Great and Fearless Czar?

Where is the courage and dash that once made the Hon. Thomas Reed a heroic figure in the republican party? When was Reed ever at a loss for words, or indeed, for ideas, until ambition for the presidency congealed his brain and spiked his tongue? Now he has nothing to say. The New York Journal asks him for an opinion on the bond question, and he replied that he doesn't want to discuss it. He adds:

"I would not care to make any suggestion as to what might be done to make the loan a popular loan or bring it before the people in any different form. The matter is being managed from the white house, and I've no suggestions to make. I will say, however, that present difficulties so far as a solution of our financial troubles are concerned lodge in the white house and senate. If the people of this country want a remedy for the financial evils let them bring the pressure of popular influence to bear on the executive and the senate of the United States. The house of representatives stands ready to do its part, and has from the opening of congress. The cure for money ills should be applied at the white house and the other end of the capitol.

THOMAS B. REED."

Is this like the fearless czar known to fame for his quorum counting abilities in the billion dollar congress? Is this like the Reed that was in congress only to "do business?" Is this like the bold Reed who could ever be relied upon to say something to win the applause of the most hide-bound of his partisan associates? Alas, no. It is Reed the presidential candidate, who is trembligly hopeful of support in the sparsely settled silver states, and at the same time catch the delegates from the states whose votes are essential in the electoral college.

But this isn't the Reed that won the republican heart at all. It was the reckless, quorum-counting, billion-dollar-spending Reed that the republicans admired and proposed to make president. It was not the timid, fearful, non-committal Reed who now presides over the do-nothing house of representatives, and who refers inquirers on public questions to the other end of the capitol or the white house.

"Fear never yet a generous mind did gain."—Utica Observer.

Shy on the Sugar Question.

The republicans desire to avoid any discussion about sugar because the insincerity of their attack upon the democratic sugar schedule would be exposed. They have denounced the democrats for having granted the protective differential of one-eighth of a cent a pound. They now have an opportunity to cut off this differential in their bill. Can they be induced to do it? They have attacked the democrats for having imposed the differential of one-tenth of a cent on German sugar—a special tax which caused retaliation in Germany—and they might now remove this differential. Does anyone believe they could be persuaded to remove it? But if both of these differentials should be reported, either as they stand or with an increase of 15 per cent., how could our republican friends defend their action? It can be easily be seen for what reasons they are "unwilling to revive the sugar question."—N. Y. Times.

——It is increasingly probable that not even on the pet hobby of the tariff may the republicans hope for united party action in the face of the commanding power of the free silver republican senators. The mining camp states' admission to the United States senate has brought a whole brood of chickens home to roost.—Albany Argus.

PITH AND POINT.

—Teacher—"Suppose you were a king, Tommy, what would you do?" Tommy—"I'd never have to wash my face any more."—Texas Siftings.

Mistress—"Bridget, everything in the house is covered with dust; I can't stand it." Bridget—"Do as I do, mum; don't pay any attention to it."—Tit-Bits.

—Blobbs—"Miss Oldgirl would make a good soldier." Slobbs—"Used to powder, eh?" Slobbs—"Yes, and never deserts her colors."—Philadelphia Record.

—"He must be worth at least $100,000, mamma." "How do you know?" "He told me his fortune ended in five ciphers." "H'm. Maybe it begins with one, too."—Washington Star.

—In the Restaurant.—"Waiter—What shall I get for you?" Professor (absent-minded, reading the bill of fare)—"I am busy now; ask me after dinner."—Fliegende Blatter.

—Squildig—"What doctor did poor Jaysmith have?" McSwilligen—"He had two of them. One was Dr. D., but I forget the name of his accomplice."—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

—A Prudent Acceptance.—She—"I hope you can come next Thursday. We're having some music and a supper after." He—"Oh, yes, I'll come; but—er—I may be late."—Boston Beacon.

—"Are your writings much read?" "That is what I should like to find out. As it is, I do not know whether they read my manuscripts or send them back without reading."—Boston Transcript.

—In chronicling the funeral of a highly respected citizen, the report of a contemporary thus concludes: "He leaves a daughter and three sons, his widow having pre-deceased him."—Household Words.

—Would-be Cyclist—"I thought you said that after 12 lessons of an hour each I should know how to ride?" Cycling Instructor—"So you would, sir, if you hadn't spent the best part of the time on the ground."—Tit-Bits.

—Mrs. Wickwire—"You don't know what a grief it is to have a husband who thinks he is funny." Mrs. Watts—"What is the trouble, dear?" "I asked him last evening to bring home some good up-to-date literature, and he brought a bundle of almanacs."—Indianapolis Journal.

WE DEVOUR MANY LEMONS.

California Is Briskly Competing with the Foreign Importation.

This country consumes in a year about 500,000,000 lemons, or about 6½ lemons for each man, woman and child. This is going to be a good lemon year. Since the new fruit commenced to arrive about the 1st of October very nearly 100,000 more boxes have been received than came in during the same time last season. The receipts at New York for November, 1895, were 177,306 boxes, against 110,250 boxes for November, 1894. The November receipts at New Orleans were 13,500 boxes, against none received at that port for November, 1894. Last year, between December 8 and Christmas time, 89,000 boxes were landed here and immediately sold. Before Christmas probably not more than 50,000 boxes are due here, for the reason that two vessels containing altogether from 25,000 to 30,000 boxes have been wrecked off Gibraltar.

The crops are very plentiful along the Mediterranean, but because so many oranges are being carried from that region these months owing to the deficiency in the Florida crop there is little room for lemons on board these ships. The California lemon crop also is larger than ever before, and supplies will be forwarded from there. The California lemons are exceedingly good ones, and only experts can tell them from the Mediterranean crop.

For culinary purposes the lemons from Sicily—that is, those from Messina and Palermo—are to be preferred, as they have a much better flavor. Other excellent lemons come from Maiori and Rodi, in the hill regions surrounding Naples. Catania and Malaga lemons are yet another variety, and come in the early fall, just after the southern Italy and Sicilian crops have been finished up.

A box of lemons averages about 300 each. From 1,500,000 to 2,000,000 boxes are sold in a year here. It is predicted that the California crop in three years will average 1,000,000 boxes. It will be interesting to note whether they will drive out any or all of the foreign lemons. Prices are now a little lower than usual. In September seven dollars was obtained at wholesale per box, the highest price in years.—N. Y. World.

Steam Power and Flea Power.

At the great works of Herr Krupp in Essen is to be seen a hammer weighing 80 tons, and this in turn is placed on an anvil block weighing 120 tons. A Swiss, calling himself Prof. Schumann, who has devoted much of his life to training fleas at Berne, in Switzerland, recently visited Essen and looked upon the mighty hammer. On his return to Berne he began a model of the great hammer, but on such a tiny scale that it could be worked by flea power instead of the mighty engine which operates the one in Essen. In its completed state this marvelous miniature steam hammer, pulley, anvil, block and all, weighs but half a grain. The hammer and anvil are of solid gold, the pulleys German silver and the framework of platinum. A flea trained by Mr. Schumann will, at the word of command, hoist the hammer to the top of the frame. There it is automatically set free, descending in precisely the same manner as the monster after which it is modeled.—Pearson's Weekly.

They Were Overcome.

He was reading a newspaper in a Broadway car. After awhile he folded it up and said to the man on his left:

"Do you think that the principles of gravitation will ever be overcome so as to enable any sort of a machine to fly?"

"No, sir," was the brusque answer.

"But why not?"

"No need of it."

"Do you understand the laws of gravity?"

"I do, sir. Plainest thing in the world, sir. All a street car nuisance has to do is to go out on the platform and step out into space. Gravity will land him on the earth. Try it, sir—try it."

The inquiring man looked at him with sorrow expressed on every line of his face and then turned away and took a seat at the other end of the car.—Detroit Free Press.